

# HALLELUJAH SOLOS

By Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Jack Linn  
Evangelists



Price 25 Cents

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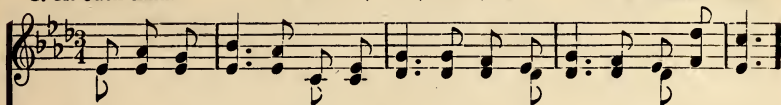


# This World Would Be Empty Without Jesus.

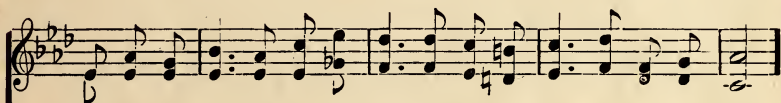
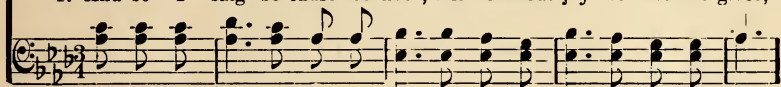
C. H. Jack Linn.

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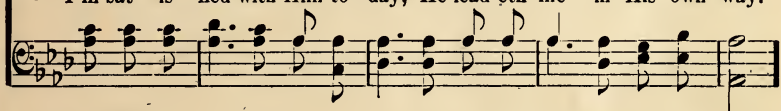
Sofee Nelson Linn.



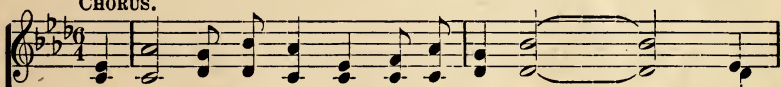
1. If Je - sus nev - er showed His face, This world would be an emp - ty place;
2. No pre - cious Lord to hear my pray'r, No lov - ing heart my load to bear,
3. The cross I bear is sweet to me, He bore a great - er on the tree;
4. And so I sing be - cause He lives, His wondrous joy to me He gives;



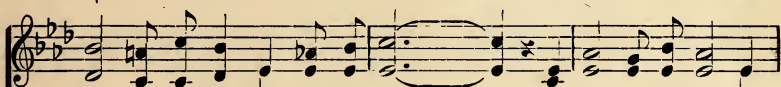
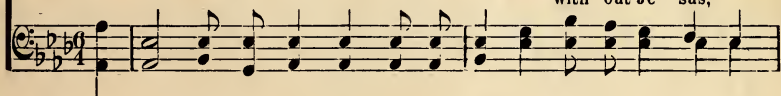
This life would seem all dark and drear, And I would live in con - stant fear.  
No ten - der voice my steps to guide, No se - cret place in which to hide.  
I'll nev - er mur - mur nor com - plain, Till I have suf - fered more than He.  
I'm sat - is - fied with Him to - day, He lead - eth me in His own way.



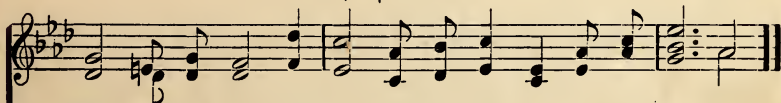
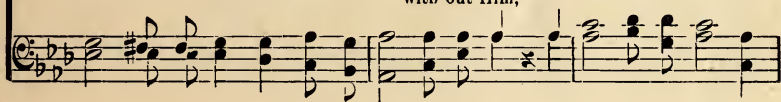
## CHORUS.



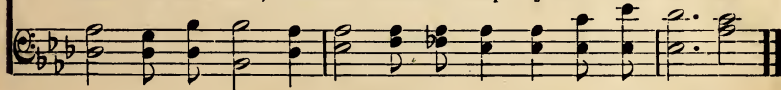
This world would be emp - ty with - out Je - sus, ..... This  
with - out Je - sus,



life would be use - less with - out Him; ..... No life from a - bove, No  
with - out Him;



sweet ten - der love, This world would be emp - ty with - out Je - sus.

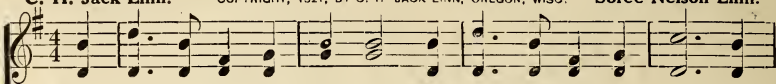


# Look Up.

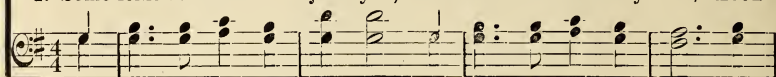
C. H. Jack Linn.

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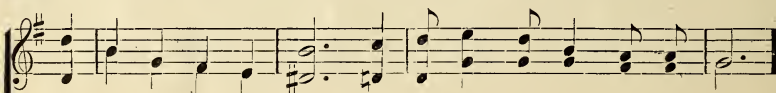
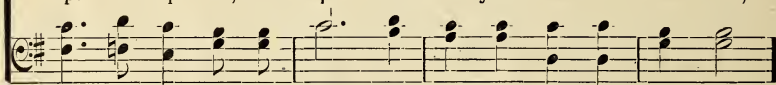
Sofee Nelson Linn.



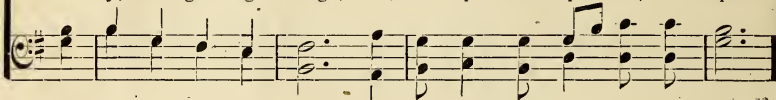
1. If you are now dis - cour-aged, And trem-bling with a fear, Look
2. The dev - il will at - tack you In man - y, man-y ways, Look
3. Don't fret be-cause of tun - nels Which come to dark-en day, Look
4. Some folks will shun and jeer you, Just smile at what they do, Look



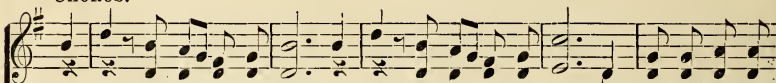
up! look up! Oh, look up! The Sav - iour still is rul - ing,  
up! look up! Oh, look up! For Je - sus is your Help - er,  
up! look up! Oh, look up! His bless - ed hand is on you,  
up! look up! Oh, look up! Re - new your con - se - cra - tion,



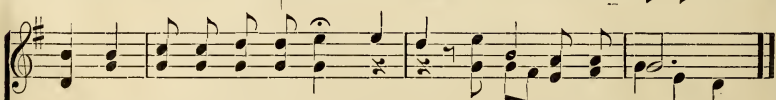
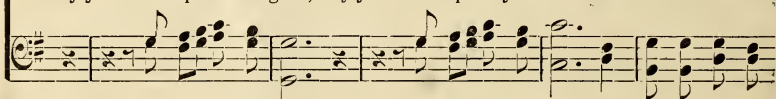
Your prayer He's sure to hear, Oh, look up! look up! Yes, look up!  
His grace is as the days, Oh, look up! look up! Yes, look up!  
Just let Him have His way, And look up! look up! Oh, look up!  
And say, "I'm go - ing through," Oh, look up! look up! Yes, look up!



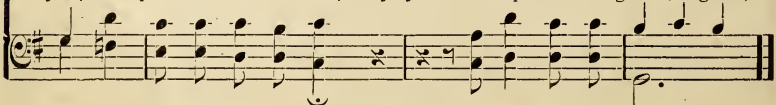
## CHORUS.



Say you! look up and be glad; Say you! look up; why be sad? The Saviour still loves



you, His pre-cious word is true; Say you! look up and be glad! (be glad!)



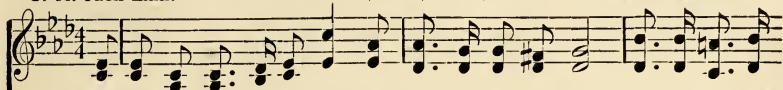


# Victory Bells.

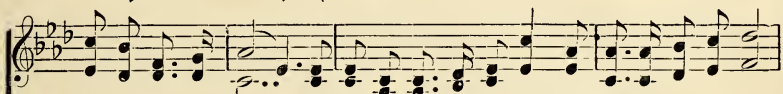
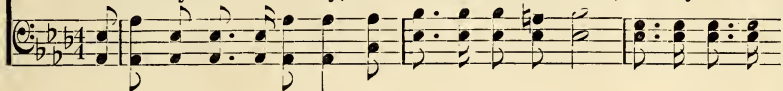
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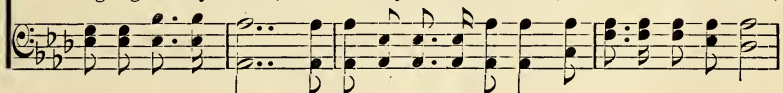
Sofee Nelson Linn.



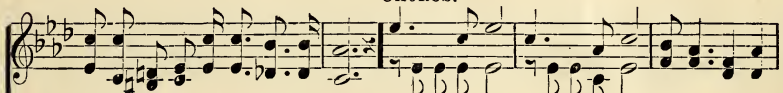
1. I gave my-self to Je-sus, He saved me thro' and thro', Vic-t'ry bells are
2. He sanc-ti-fied me whol-ly when car-nal self died out, Vic-t'ry bells are
3. I look to Je-sus on-ly, He is my all in all, Vic-t'ry bells are
4. He fills my life with hon-ey, the sweet-est of the sweet, Vic-t'ry bells are



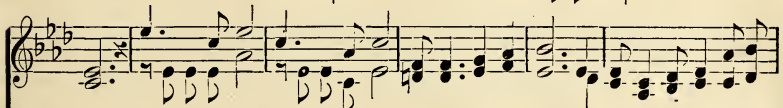
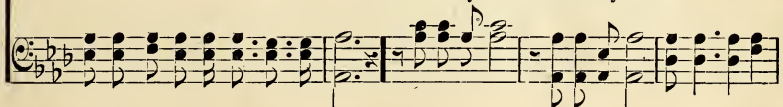
ring-ing in my heart; I'll say A-men to Je-sus, what-e'er He bids me do,  
ring-ing in my heart; I trust Him now so sweetly, sometimes He lets me shout,  
ring-ing in my heart; I dare not trust an-oth-er, or I should sure-ly fall,  
ring-ing in my heart; He feeds my soul from heav'n, the fin-est of the wheat,



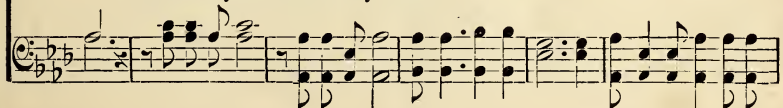
## CHORUS.



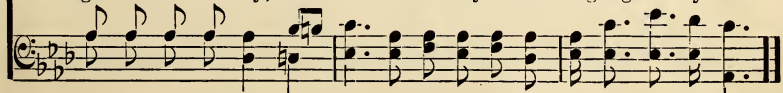
Vic-t'ry bells are ringing in my heart. Vic - t'ry bells! Vic-t'ry bells, ringing in my  
Glad vic-t'ry bells! Glad vic't'ry bells!



heart; Vic - t'ry bells! Vic-t'ry bells, ringing in my heart; He keeps me to-day in the  
Glad vic't'ry bells! Glad vic't'ry bells!



straight and nar-row way, Praise God! The vic't'ry bells are ring-ing in my heart.

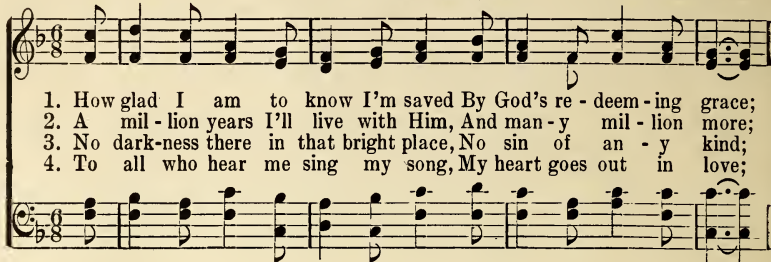


# I'm Homesick For Heaven.

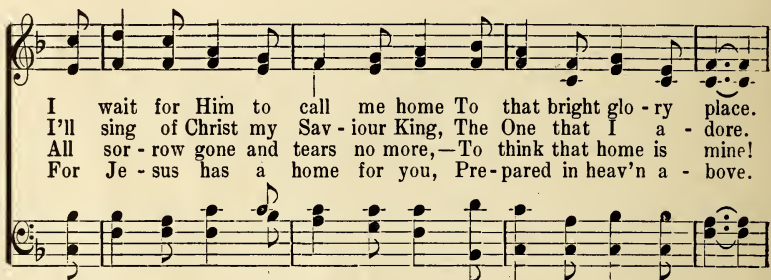
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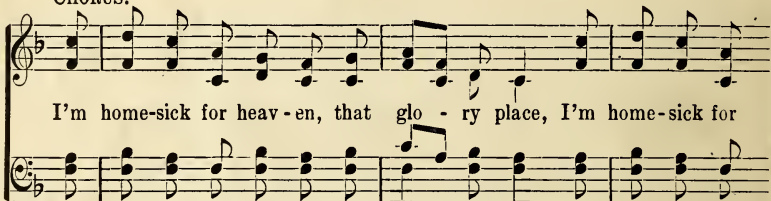


1. How glad I am to know I'm saved By God's re - deem - ing grace;  
 2. A mil - lion years I'll live with Him, And man - y mil - lion more;  
 3. No dark - ness there in that bright place, No sin of an - y kind;  
 4. To all who hear me sing my song, My heart goes out in love;

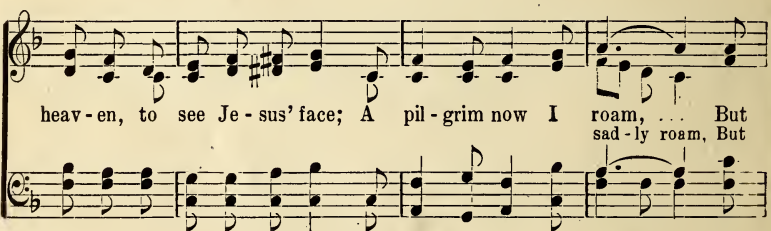


I wait for Him to call me home To that bright glo - ry place.  
 I'll sing of Christ my Sav - iour King, The One that I a - dore.  
 All sor - row gone and tears no more, — To think that home is mine!  
 For Je - sus has a home for you, Pre - pared in heav'n a - bove.

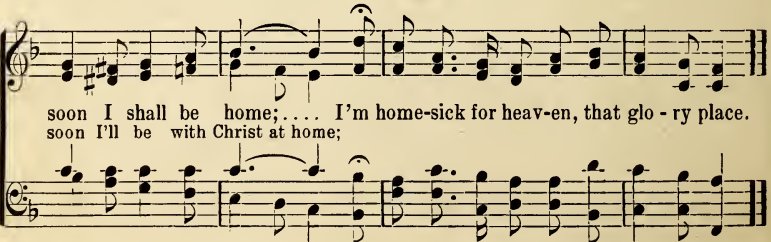
## CHORUS.



I'm home-sick for heav - en, that glo - ry place, I'm home-sick for



heav - en, to see Je - sus' face; A pil - grim now I roam, ... But  
 sad - ly roam, But



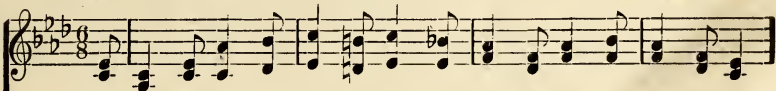
soon I shall be home; ... I'm home-sick for heav - en, that glo - ry place.  
 soon I'll be with Christ at home;

# No One Just Like Mother.

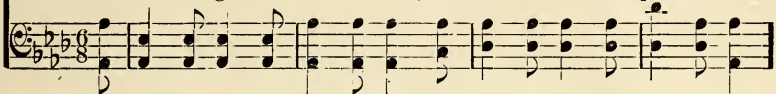
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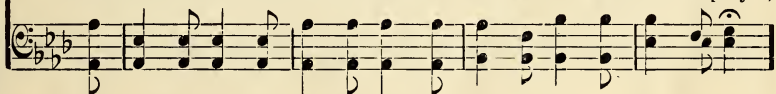
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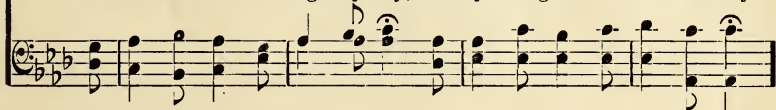
1. My moth-er's face, so sweet to me, Re-mind-ed me of Cal-va-ry;
2. I can't for-get her anx-ious care The day she taught this blessed pray'r;
3. She point-ed me to Him a-b-ove Who spent His life in will-ing love;
4. And now she's gone to Him a-b-ove, And dwells in end-less per-fect love;



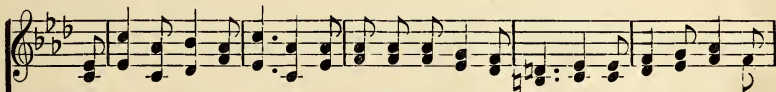
Her eyes were bright with ho-ly love, Her heart was full of heav'n a-b-ove;  
And now I lay me down to sleep, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;  
She told me true that He could save, For on the cross His life He gave;  
She looks for me to meet her there In an-swer to her constant pray'r;



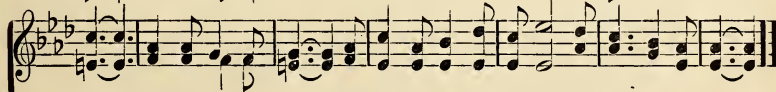
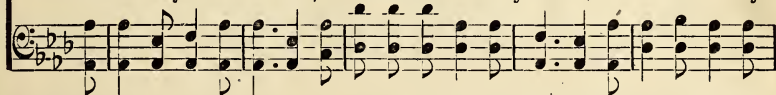
Her voice was like the an-gels fair, And now she dwells with them up there.  
If I should die be-fore I wake, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.  
How sad I am I did not take Ad-vice she gave for Je-sus's sake.  
I know it's late to change my way, But by His grace I'll start this day.



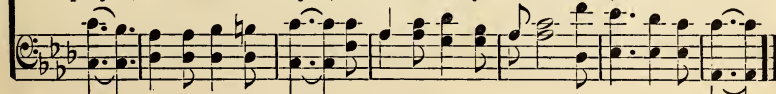
CHORUS. *Slower.*



There's no one just like mother, She's diff'rent than any oth-er; For me she al-ways



prayed, E-ven when I strayed; There's no one just like mother, like mother to me.



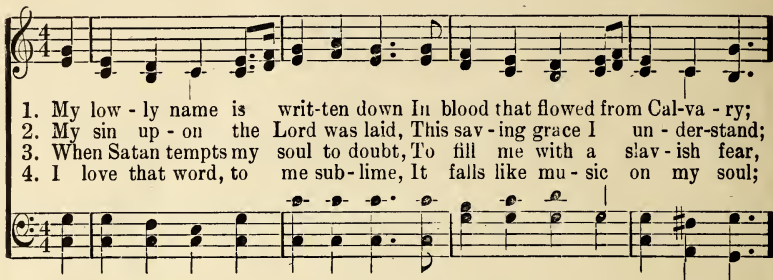


# My Name in "Whosoever Will."

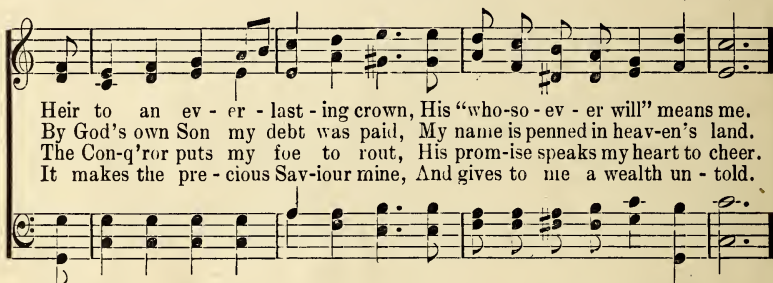
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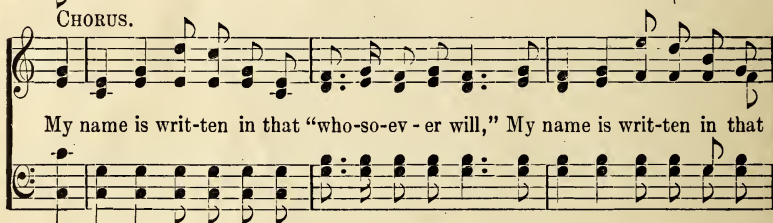


1. My low - ly name is writ - ten down In blood that flowed from Cal - va - ry;  
 2. My sin up - on the Lord was laid, This sav - ing grace I un - der - stand;  
 3. When Satan tempts my soul to doubt, To fill me with a slav - ish fear,  
 4. I love that word, to me sub - lime, It falls like mu - sic on my soul;

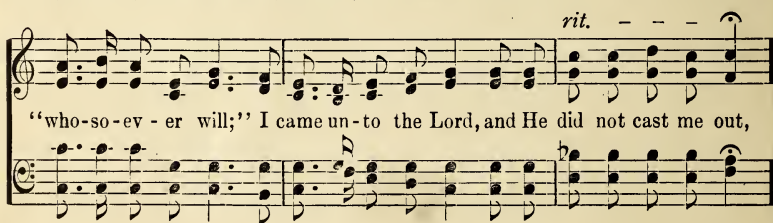


Heir to an ev - er - last - ing crown, His "who - so - ev - er will" means me.  
 By God's own Son my debt was paid, My name is penned in heav - en's land.  
 The Con - q'ror puts my foe to rout, His prom - ise speaks my heart to cheer.  
 It makes the pre - cious Sav - iour mine, And gives to me a wealth un - told.

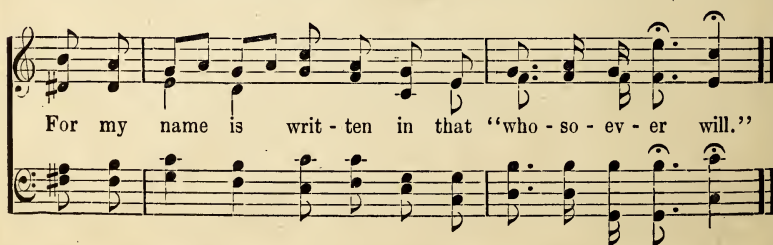
CHORUS.



My name is writ - ten in that "who - so - ev - er will," My name is writ - ten in that



"who - so - ev - er will;" I came un - to the Lord, and He did not cast me out,



For my name is writ - ten in that "who - so - ev - er will."



# A Great Big Yes to Jesus.

C. H. JACK LINN.

(Inscribed to Red Rock Camp Meeting.)

SOFEE NELSON LINN.

1. A great big yes to Je - sus, He'll bid your sins depart, A great big yes to
2. A great big yes to Je - sus, He'll purge your ev-'ry sin, A great big yes to
3. A great big yes to Je - sus will mean that self dies out, A great big yes to

Je - sus, He'll sanc - ti - fy your heart; A great big yes to Je - sus, He'll  
Je - sus, will let His full - ness in; A great big yes to Je - sus, to  
Je - sus, and not a sin - gle doubt; A great big yes to Je - sus, to

fill your soul with love, A great big yes to Je - sus, will mean a home a - bove.  
let Him have His way, A great big yes to Je - sus, He'll keep you ev-'ry day.  
take the nar - row way, A great big yes to Je - sus, will mean a bless - ed day.

## CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! I have said that yes, Glo - ry! glo - ry! I have said that yes;

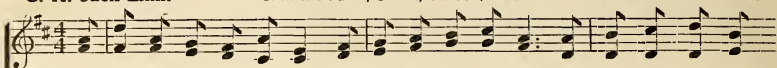
My heart is filled, And my soul is thrilled, Since I said that yes to Je - sus!

# Satisfied With Jesus.

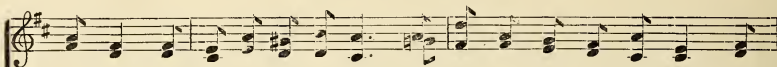
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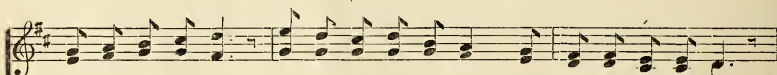
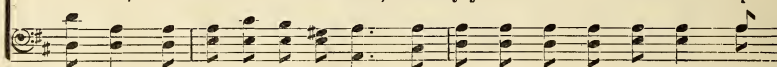
Sofee Nelson Linn.



1. Com-pan-ion-ship with Je-sus, the dearest Friend of all, Re-fresh-ings from His
2. His per-fect peace He gives me, a clean and happy heart; My Sav-iour Je - sus
3. I'm bask-ing in the sun-shine of Canaan's happy land; I'm stroll-ing thro' His
4. I'm look-ing for His com-ing to claim His waiting bride, My house is all in



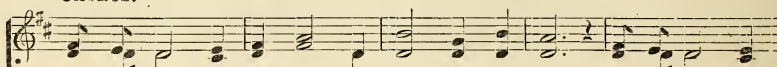
pres-ence with glo-ry on me fall; Com-mun-ion thro' His Spir - it and  
brought it, He bade all sin de-part; I'm sing-ing now His prais-es, oh,  
vine-yard, while cling-ing to His hand; I'm feast-ing in His glo-ry where  
or - der, in Him I do a - bide; With joy I'll rise to meet Him up



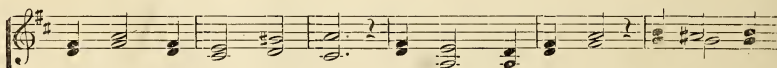
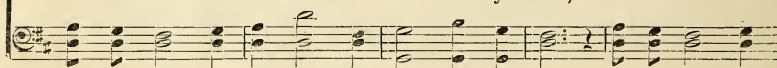
trust-ing in His love, Sat - is - fied with Je - sus, my Sav-iour from a-bove.  
wondrous joy di-vine, Sat - is - fied with Je - sus, oh, glo-ry He is mine!  
milk and hon-ey flow, Sat - is - fied with Je - sus, wher-ev - er I may go.  
yon-der in the air, Sat - is - fied with Je - sus, the fair-est of the fair.



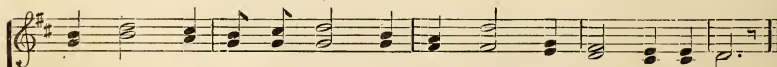
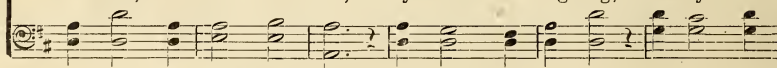
## CHORUS.



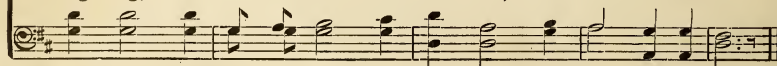
Sat - is - fied with Je - sus of Cal - va - ry's tree, Sat - is - fied with



Je - sus, He bless - es me; Joy - bells are ring-ing, Glo-ry I'm



sing-ing, — I'm sat - is - fied with Je - sus, He loves e - ven me.



# The Story of Love.

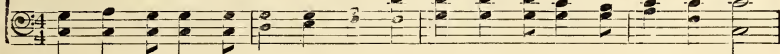
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Sofee Nelson Linn.



1. Up in glo-ry—O hear my sto-ry—Dwell-eth Je-sus the Son of love;
2. He died bleeding, His blood I'm pleading, Pre-cious Je-sus on Cal-v'ry's tree;
3. Sins for-giv-en, and joy in heav-en, Lost in Je-sus who died for me;
4. He is bless-ing, in Him I'm rest-ing, While I cling to His lov-ing hand;



Peo-ple cry-ing, in sin were dy-ing, Need-ing a Sav-iour from a - bove:  
 Par-don spo-ken, His heart was bro-ken, Dy-ing a shameful death for me:  
 Joy-bells ring-ing, my heart is sing-ing Prais-es to Him who set me free:  
 Al-ways glad-ness, and nev-er sad-ness, Liv-ing in Canaan's hap-py land:



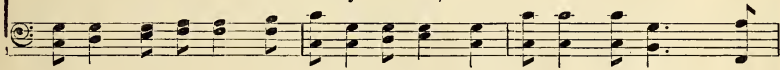
And so He left His home on high, And came to earth for man to die.  
 I see the thorns up-on His brow, While at His feet I hum-bly bow.  
 Be-cause my sins on Him were laid, My ran-som price by death He paid.  
 And so my heart is filled with song, I'm prais-ing God the whole day long.



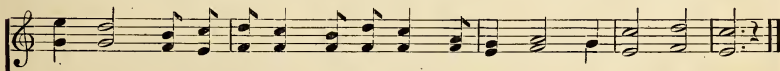
## CHORUS.



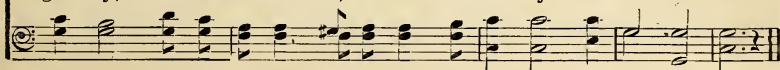
Tell me the sto-ry of love, The won-der-ful love of  
 the sto-ry of love,



Je - sus; Nev-er was there such a sto - ry, So filled and thrilled with



glo - ry, As the won-der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry of Je - sus' love.



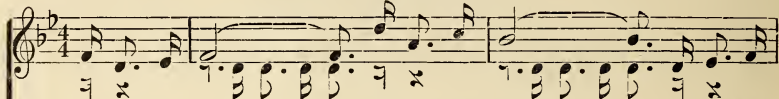


# Abiding.

C. H. Jack Linn.

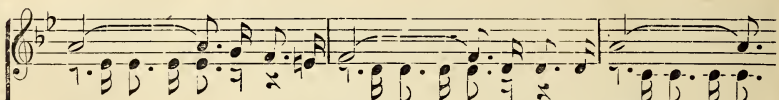
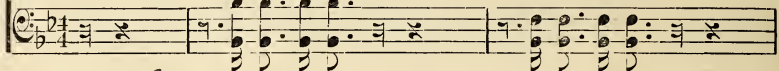
C. H. JACK LINN, OWNER, OREGON, WISC.

Sofee Nelson Linn.



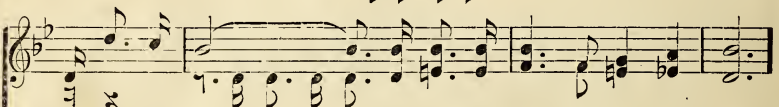
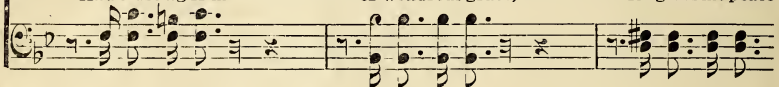
1. A - bid - ing in ..... the se - cret place, ..... And trust - ing
2. The cleansing fire ..... has touched my heart, ..... And bid - den
3. He guides me by ..... His love di - vi - e, ..... And shows me
4. If I could tell ..... His love to you, ..... I know you'd

1. A-bid-ing in the se-cret place,

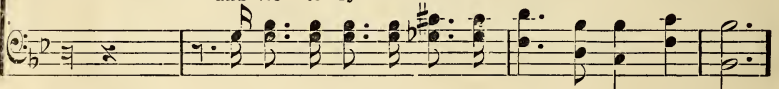


Him ..... of won-drous grace, ..... He gives me peace.  
 ev - - - ry sin de - part; ..... I have His word,  
 that ..... all things are mine; ..... He sat - is - fies.  
 come ..... and seek Him too, ..... And then your soul.

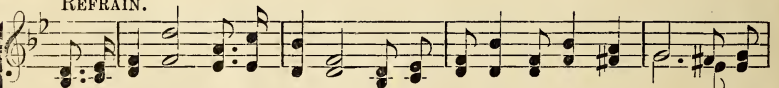
And trusting Him of wondrous grace, He gives me peace



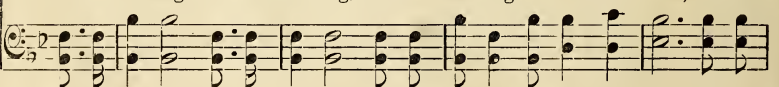
and vic - to - ry ..... Thro' pre - cious blood He shed for me.  
 the prom - ise true, ..... He saves me now, yes, thro' and thro'.  
 my ev - ry need, ..... He is my Friend, my Friend in - deed.  
 His love would know, ..... As in this life you on - ward go.  
 and vic - to - ry



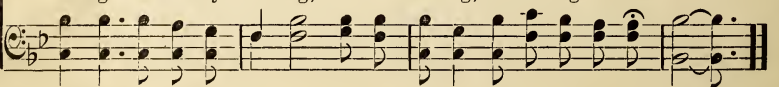
## REFRAIN.



I'm a - bid - ing and con - fid - ing, I'm a - bid - ing in Je - sus' love; In this



ref - uge I'm safe - ly hid - ing, I'm a - bid - ing, con - fid - ing in His love.



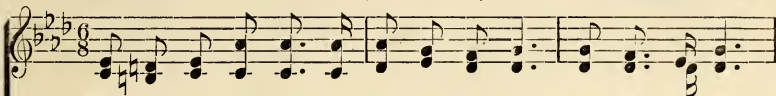


# Glad.

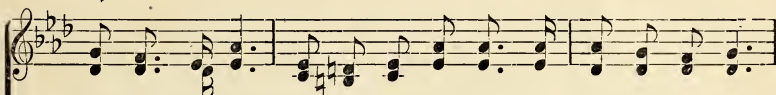
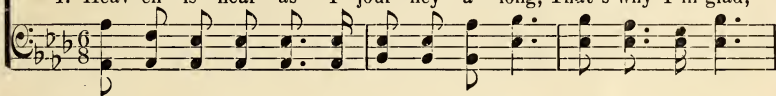
C. H. Jack Linn.

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Sofee Nelson Linn.



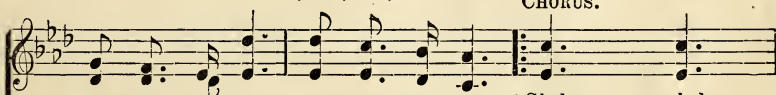
1. Je - sus my Sav-iour has par-doned my sin, That's why I'm glad,
2. Cleans-ing I found when He sanc - ti - fied me, That's why I'm glad,
3. Strength I have now in my Sav-iour's rich grace, That's why I'm glad,
4. Heav-en is near as I jour - ney a - long, That's why I'm glad,



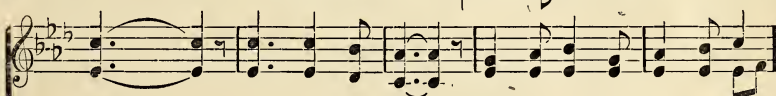
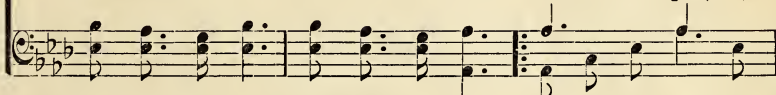
that's why I'm glad; His bless-ed Spir - it a - bid - eth with-in,  
 that's why I'm glad; And now I'm shout-ing, "I'm ful - ly set free,"  
 that's why I'm glad; In each dark hour I can see His dear face,  
 that's why I'm glad; My heart is sing-ing love's beau - ti - ful song,



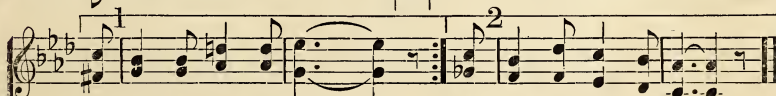
CHORUS.



That's why I'm glad, that's why I'm glad. { Glad, glad,  
 Glad, glad, glad,  
 I am so glad, O,

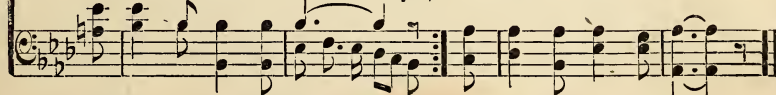


glad,..... glad all the time, Glad I'm saved, and glad I'm cleansed,  
 glad,..... glad rain or shine; Glad I'm kept and glad I'm blest,  
 I am so glad,



and glad I'm sanc-ti-fied..... and glad I'm sat - is - fied.

hal-le-lu - jah,

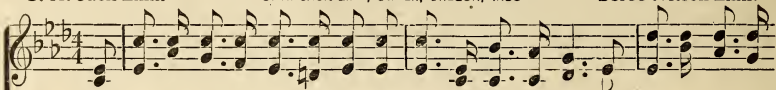


# I Have a Friend in Heaven.

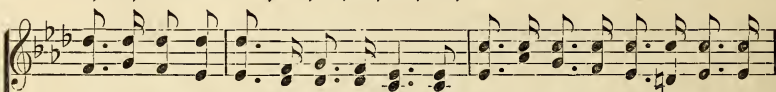
C. H. Jack Linn.

C. H. JACK LINN, OWNER, OREGON, WISC

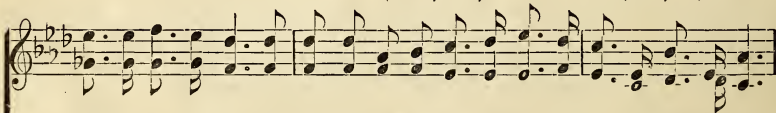
Sofee Nelson Linn.



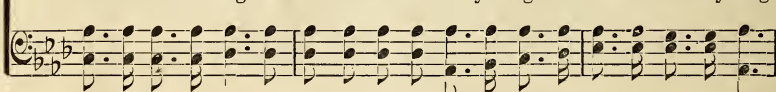
1. In bank-rupt-cy my life had gone, Old Satan had me bound; I placed myself in
2. This Friend I have in heaven's land Is rich be-yond degree, He owns the greatest
3. My Friend has pow'r to sanctify, He purged my heart for me: He fills my life with
4. My Friend is coming back again To claim His waiting bride, He'll let me reign with



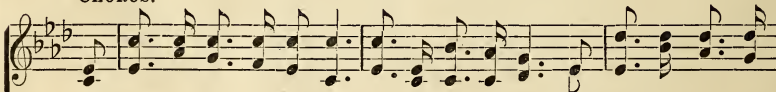
Je-sus' hands, A Friend in Him I found; He un-der-took my case at once, From bank of all And signs my checks for me; They nev-er say in Je sus' bank, "No sweetest songs In tones of Cal-va-ry; The Spir-it's fruit are mine each day, Deep Him I know, My Sav-iour glo-ri-fied; He may come now at an-y time— It



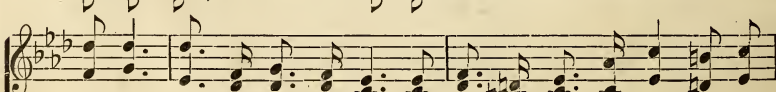
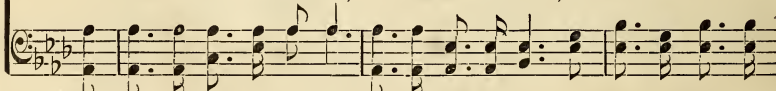
sin He set me free, And now I'm in re-ceive-r-ship, He in-ter-cedes for me. funds to pay on hand, "The wealth of all the u-ni-verse Is un-der His command. peace and joy and love, A rest sublime, a quietness Sent down from heav'n above. could be while I sing—And that's the reason why I'm glad To own Him as my King.



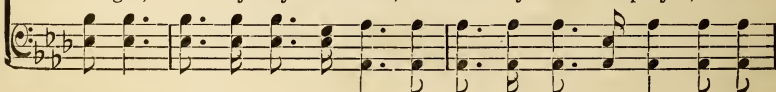
## CHORUS.



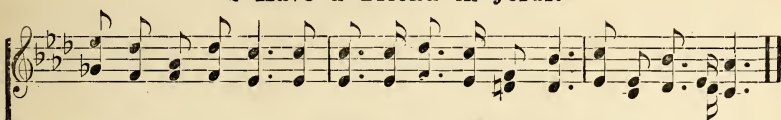
I have a Friend in heav-en, Je - sus is His name; A Friend who nev - er



chan-ges, Ev - 'ry day the same; He hears my faint - est prayer, And He



## I Have a Friend in Jesus.



pleads for me up there; I have a Friend in heav - en, Je-sus is His name.

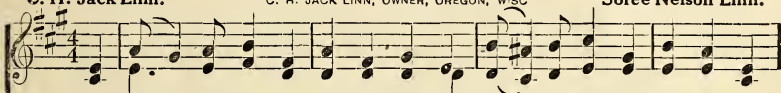


## Honey From Heaven.

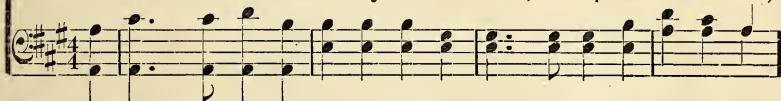
C. H. Jack Linn.

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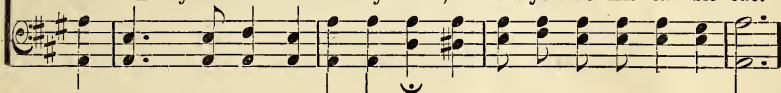
Sofee Nelson Linn.



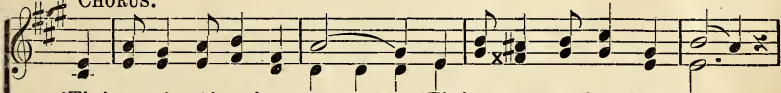
1. I'm saved and cleansed and sanc-ti-fied By pre-cious blood of Him who died;
2. Love stream'd in-to my ver - y heart, And made each se-cret sin de - part;
3. I've tried Him out in myr-iad ways, For faith - ful-ness I give Him praise;
4. And still there's room for ev - 'ry one To come, ac-cept the bless-ed Son;



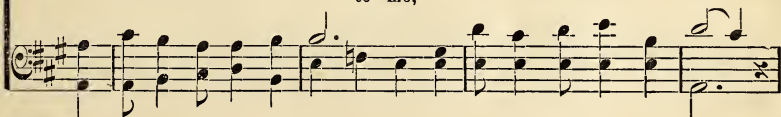
The feast is spread with hon-ey sweet, My peace and joy are now com-plete.  
A strength be - fore un-known He gives, As now with-in my soul He lives.  
Still sweet - er as the moments go, He lets the gold-en hon - ey flow.  
He'll fill your heart with hon-ey sweet, And bid you at His ta - ble eat.



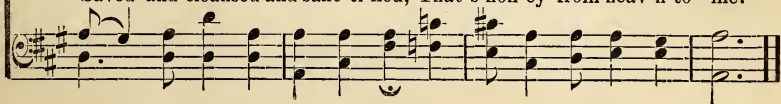
### CHORUS.



'Tis honey from heav'n to me, 'Tis hon - ey from heav'n to me;  
to me,



Saved and cleansed and sanc-ti-fied; That's hon-ey from heav'n to me.





# Up There in Glory-Land.

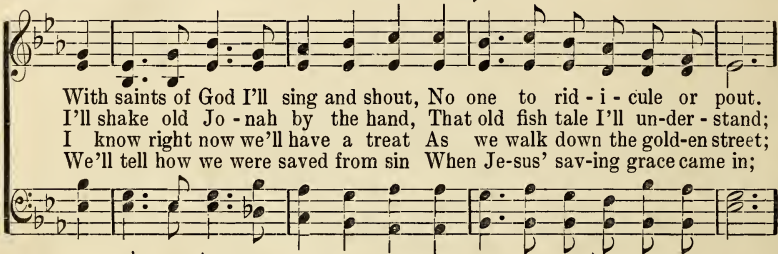
C. H. Jack Linn.

C. H. JACK LINN, OREGON, WISC.

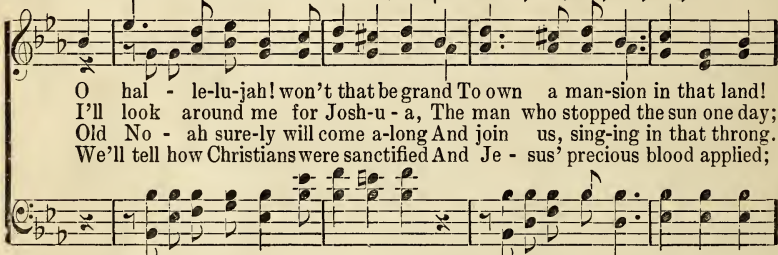
Sofee Nelson Linn.



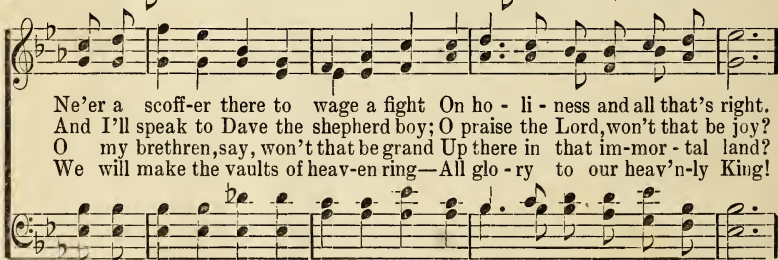
1. I'm on my way to heav-en's land, On Glo - ry Street to take my stand;  
 2. I'll look for Paul in that bright place, With all the mil-lions saved by grace;  
 3. I'll call on John, and with a smile I'll hear his song of Pat-mos Isle;  
 4. We'll hold a camp and tes-ti-fy In that fair land be-yond the sky;



With saints of God I'll sing and shout, No one to rid-i-cule or pout.  
 I'll shake old Jo-nah by the hand, That old fish tale I'll un-der-stand;  
 I know right now we'll have a treat As we walk down the gold-en street;  
 We'll tell how we were saved from sin When Je-sus' sav-ing grace came in;

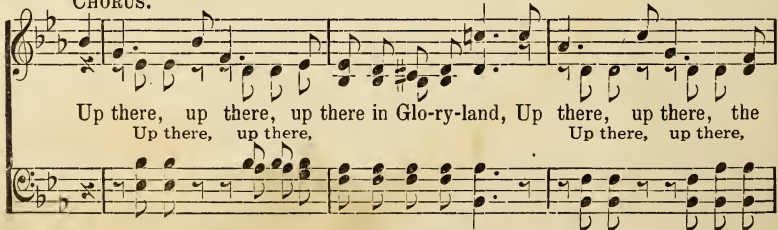


O hal - le-lu-jah! won't that be grand To own a man-sion in that land!  
 I'll look around me for Josh-u-a, The man who stopped the sun one day;  
 Old No - ah sure-ly will come a-long And join us, sing-ing in that throng.  
 We'll tell how Christians were sanctified And Je - sus' pre-cious blood applied;



Ne'er a scoffi-er there to wage a fight On ho - li - ness and all that's right.  
 And I'll speak to Dave the shepherd boy; O praise the Lord, won't that be joy?  
 O my brethren, say, won't that be grand Up there in that im-mor - tal land?  
 We will make the vaults of heav-en ring—All glo-ry to our heav'n-ly King!

## CHORUS.



Up there, up there, up there in Glo-ry-land, Up there, up there, the  
 Up there, up there, Up there, up there,



## Up There in Glory-Land.

saved of earth will stand; We'll shout and sing, our voices will ring Praises to our

heav-en-ly King, When we reach that place up yonder In Glo-ry - land.

Up there in Glo-ry - land.

## The Precious Old Book.

C. H. Jack Linn.

C. H. JACK LINN, OWNER, OREGON, WISC.

Sofee Nelson Linn.

1. There is a Book I've learned to love, The precious Old Book, the Bi-ble;  
 2. It is a lamp to guide my feet, The precious Old Book, the Bi-ble;  
 3. It gives me strength when I am tried, The precious Old Book, the Bi-ble;  
 4. It tells me of my Saviour's love, The precious Old Book, the Bi-ble;  
 5. It fills my heart with songs to sing, The precious Old Book, the Bi-ble;

It came from God in heav'n a -bove, The precious Old Book, the Bi-ble.  
 It speaks to me in ac - cents sweet, The precious Old Book, the Bi-ble.  
 It brings the Con-q'ror to my side, The precious Old Book, the Bi-ble.  
 It points me to my home a -bove, The precious Old Book, the Bi-ble.  
 It tells me of my com - ing King, The precious Old Book, the Bi-ble.

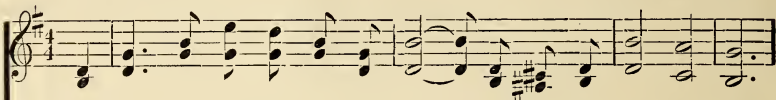
REFRAIN. *cres.* *p*

I love that Old Book, that blessed Old Book; That precious Old Book, the Bi-ble.

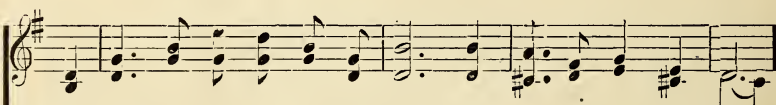
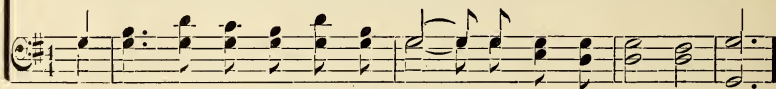
# Let Jesus Set You Free.

C. H. Jack LINN.

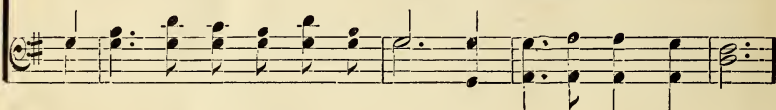
JOS. FLINGER.



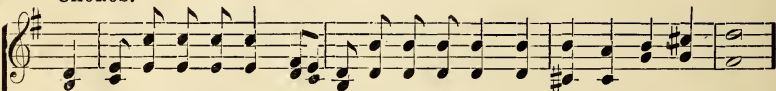
1. O have you plunged in - to the mire      Of sin and all its shame?
2. The God of love is ev - er true,      His Word He will not break;
3. E - ter - nal life is meant for you,      He bought it on the cross;
4. That Voice with-in your heart still speaks,      He will not let you go;



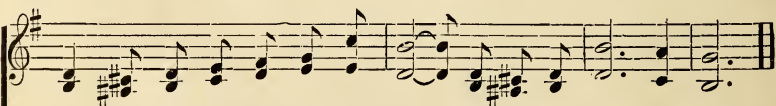
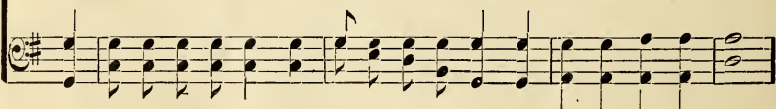
There's hope for you if you will come, Be - liev - ing on His name.  
 And who - so - ev - er comes to Him, E - ter - nal life may take.  
 He gave His life, His blood, His all, To save the race now lost.  
 He calls for you to come to Christ: Be cleansed as white as snow.



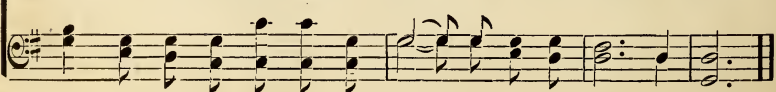
## CHORUS.



Let Je-sus set you free, Yes, let Him set you free, O let Him set you free;



He has the pow'r this ver - y hour, To set you whol - ly free.

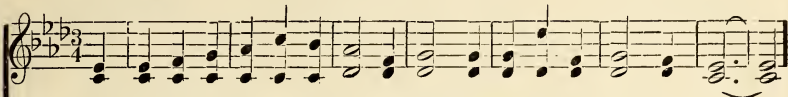


# The Garden of Love.

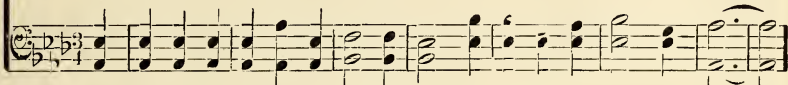
C. H. Jack Linn.

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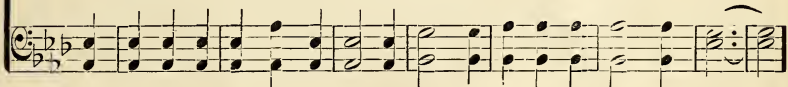
Scott Lawrence.



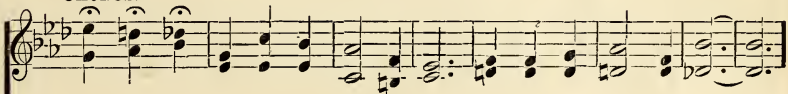
1. A gar-den is bloom-ing with-in my heart, A gar-den of fra-grance rare;
2. The flow-ers that grow are the fair-est ones, Their beauty doth fill my soul;
3. My gar-den each day is a sweet-er one, Be-cause of His sun-shine bright,
4. This gar-den was sown by a word from Him, Who spoke to my ach-ing heart:



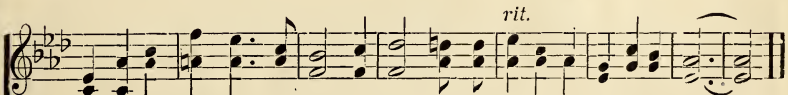
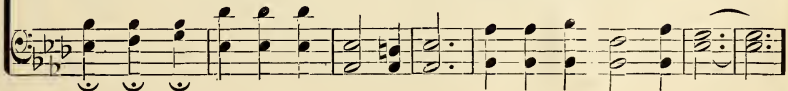
Its sweetness extends to my in-most soul, And rests like a dew drop there.  
 With joy that is grand and a peace sub-lime; The half can-not e'er be told.  
 Which floodeth it o-ver with rays of gold, And won-der-ful heav-'nly light.  
 "O come un-to me and take up thy cross, I'll bid all thy sins de-part."



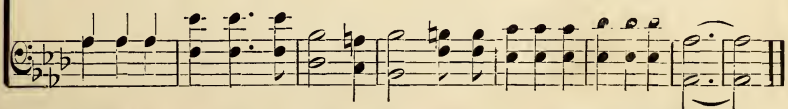
## CHORUS.



Beau-ti-ful gar-den of Je-sus' love, Bloom-ing with-in my heart;



Heav-en-ly sun-shine and joy di-vine, In this beau-ti-ful garden of love.



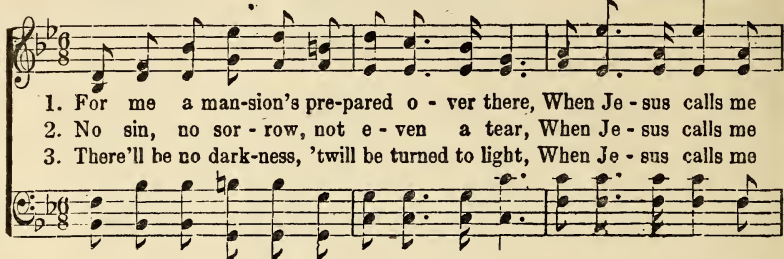


# When Jesus Calls Me Home.

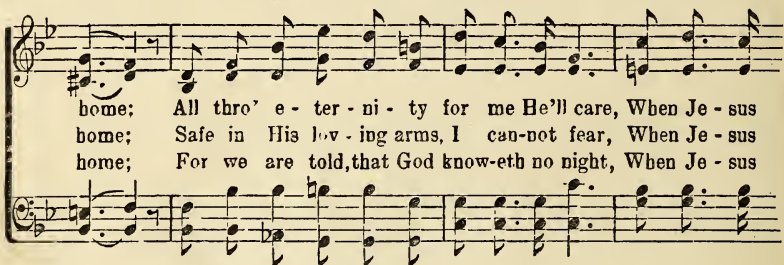
C. H. Jack Linn

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Scott Lawrence.

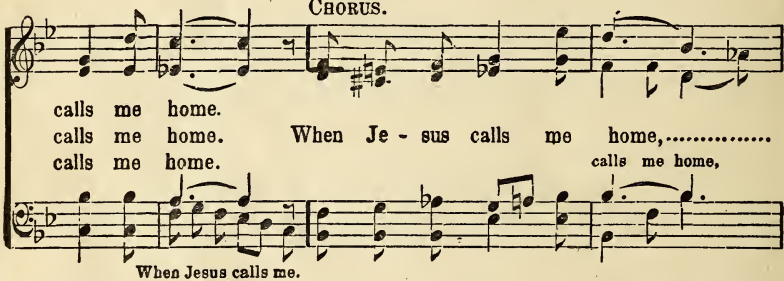


1. For me a man-sion's pre-pared o - ver there, When Je - sus calls me  
2. No sin, no sor - row, not e - ven a tear, When Je - sus calls me  
3. There'll be no dark-ness, 'twill be turned to light, When Je - sus calls me



home; All thro' e - ter - ni - ty for me He'll care, When Je - sus  
home; Safe in His lov - ing arms, I can-not fear, When Je - sus  
home; For we are told, that God know-eth no night, When Je - sus

## CHORUS.

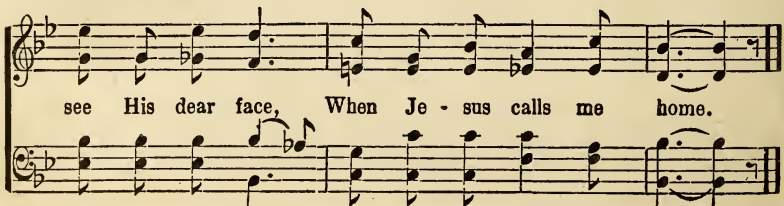


calls me home.  
calls me home. When Je - sus calls me home,.....  
calls me home. calls me home,

When Jesus calls me.



When Je - sus calls me home, Thro' won-drous free grace I shall



see His dear face, When Je - sus calls me home.

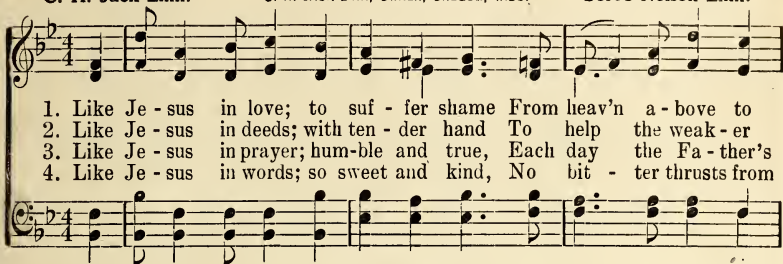


# I Want to Be Like Jesus.

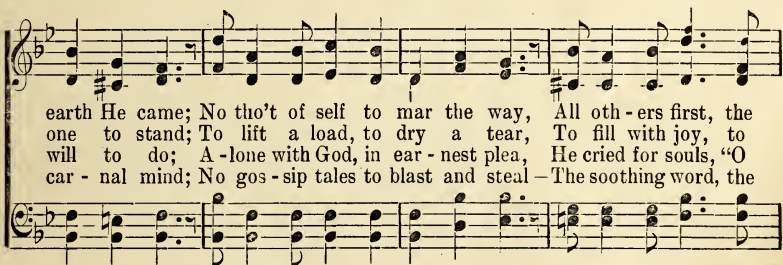
\* C. H. Jack Linn.

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Sofee Nelson Linn.

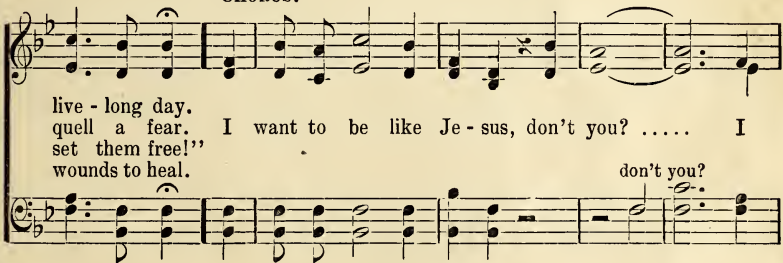


1. Like Je - sus in love; to suf - fer shame From heav'n a - bove to  
 2. Like Je - sus in deeds; with ten - der hand To help the weak - er  
 3. Like Je - sus in prayer; hum - ble and true, Each day the Fa - ther's  
 4. Like Je - sus in words; so sweet and kind, No bit - ter thrusts from

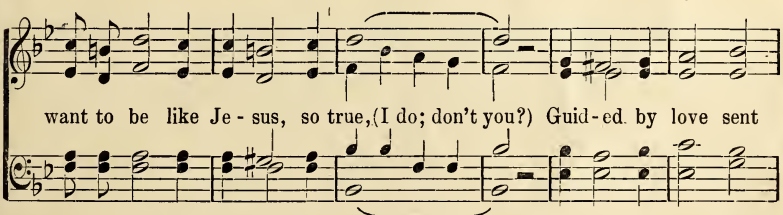


earth He came; No tho't of self to mar the way, All oth - ers first, the  
 one to stand; To lift a load, to dry a tear, To fill with joy, to  
 will to do; A - lone with God, in ear - nest plea, He cried for souls, "O  
 car - nal mind; No gos - sip tales to blast and steal - The soothing word, the

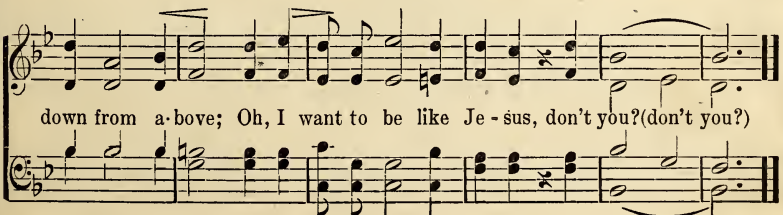
## CHORUS.



live - long day.  
 quell a fear. I want to be like Je - sus, don't you? ..... I  
 set them free!"  
 wounds to heal. don't you?



want to be like Je - sus, so true, (I do; don't you?) Guid - ed by love sent



down from a - bove; Oh, I want to be like Je - sus, don't you? (don't you?)

# I Love My King.

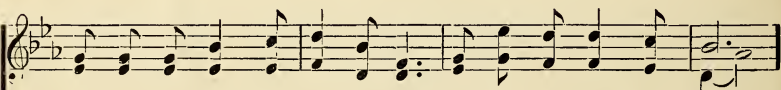
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Scott Lawrence.



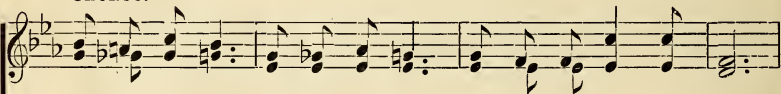
1. I sit and think of Christ my King, Of how He died for me;
2. The wealth of a - ges could not buy What Christ gave un - to me;
3. A rich joy comes when I re - flect, A Son of God am I;
4. In heav-en's land I'll sing my song, With voice both loud and clear;



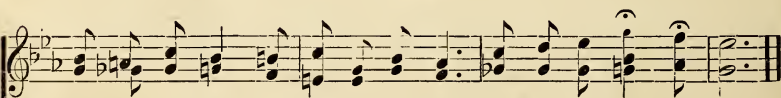
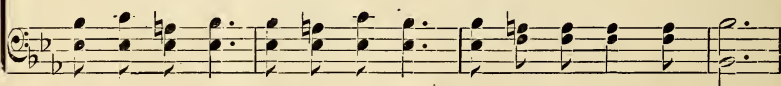
To save my soul from sin and death, And set me ful - ly free.  
A heart of love all free from sin, It came from Cal - va - ry.  
Some day He'll call me to my home, In yon - der gold - en sky.  
I'll gaze up - on His bless-ed face, For He'll be ev - er near.



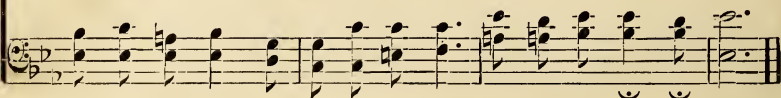
## CHORUS.



I love my King, O yes I do; His prais - es I will sing;



My heart's a - glow, His great love I know; I love, I love my King.



# Alone With Jesus.

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1. His voice I hear so sweet and clear, When I'm a - lone,.....
2. He fills my heart with His great love, When I'm a - lone,.....
3. He soothes my heavy - la - den heart, When I'm a - lone,.....
4. He speaks to me so ten - der - ly, When I'm a - lone,.....
5. I hear the wail of sin - ners lost, When I'm a - lone,.....

When I'm a - lone,

a - lone with Je - sus; It is the time when He is near,  
 a - lone with Je - sus; He gives a taste of heav'n a - bove,  
 a - lone with Je - sus; Makes ev - 'ry hid - den sin de - part,  
 a - lone with Je - sus; He tells me what I ought to be,  
 a - lone with Je - sus; I see the pow'r of Cal - v'ry's cross,

## CHORUS.

When I'm a - lone, a-lone with Je - sus. When I'm a - lone,.....

When I'm a-lone.

When I'm a - lone;..... When I'm a-lone, a-lone with Je-sus; Communion

When I'm a-lone.

sweet, ..... My joy complete,..... When I'm alone, alone with Je-sus.  
 Communion sweet, My joy complete.

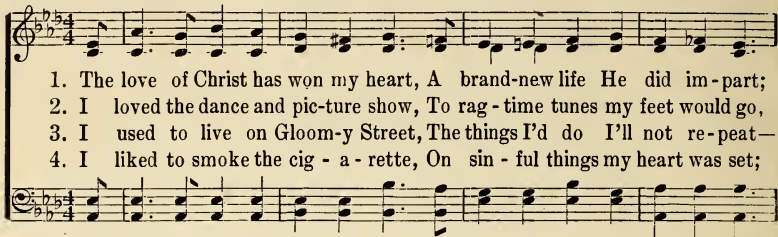


# I Fell In Love With Jesus.

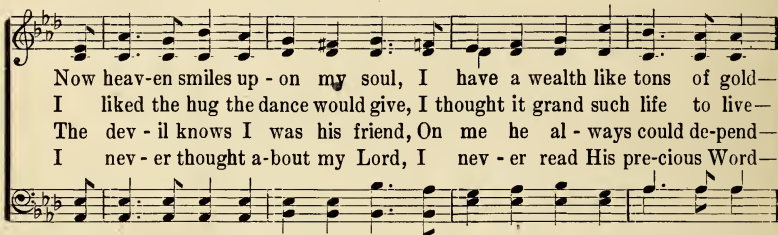
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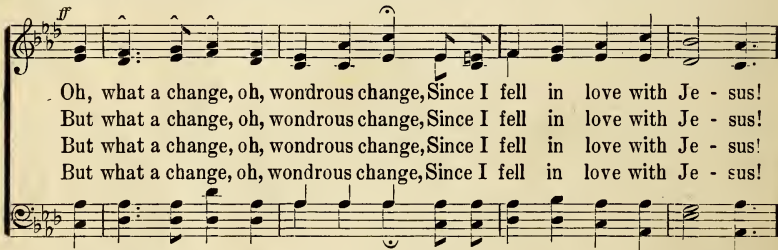
Sofee Nelson Linn.



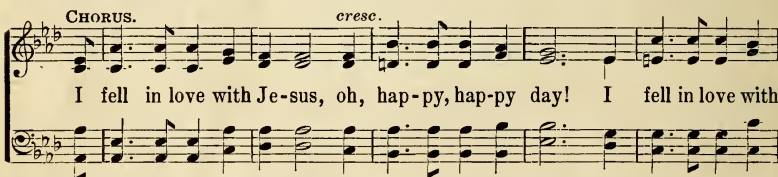
1. The love of Christ has won my heart, A brand-new life He did im-part;  
 2. I loved the dance and pic-ture show, To rag-time tunes my feet would go,  
 3. I used to live on Gloom-y Street, The things I'd do I'll not re-peat—  
 4. I liked to smoke the cig - a - rette, On sin - ful things my heart was set;



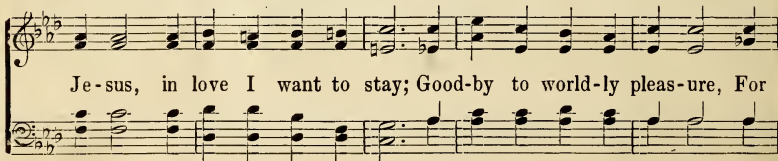
Now heav-en smiles up - on my soul, I have a wealth like tons of gold—  
 I liked the hug the dance would give, I thought it grand such life to live—  
 The dev - il knows I was his friend, On me he al - ways could de-pend—  
 I nev - er thought a-bout my Lord, I nev - er read His pre-cious Word—



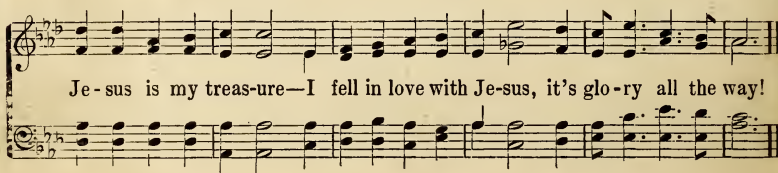
Oh, what a change, oh, wondrous change, Since I fell in love with Je - sus!  
 But what a change, oh, wondrous change, Since I fell in love with Je - sus!  
 But what a change, oh, wondrous change, Since I fell in love with Je - sus!  
 But what a change, oh, wondrous change, Since I fell in love with Je - sus!



CHORUS. *cresc.*  
 I fell in love with Je-sus, oh, hap-py, hap-py day! I fell in love with



Je-sus, in love I want to stay; Good-by to world-ly pleas-ure, For



Je-sus is my treas-ure—I fell in love with Je-sus, it's glo-ry all the way!

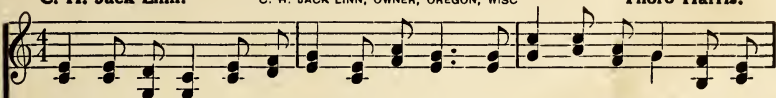


# A Twice-Born Soul.

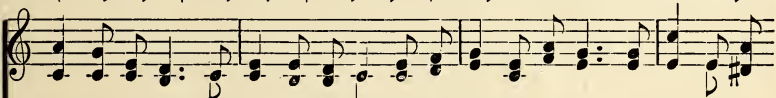
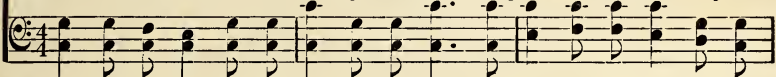
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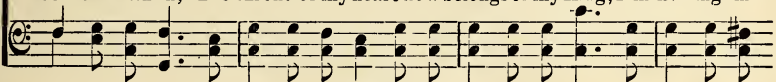
Thoro Harris.



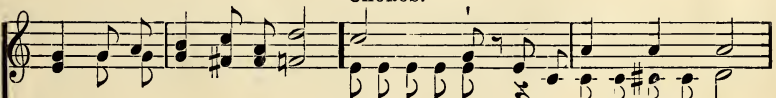
1. One bless-ed day I was won by His love, The Lord Je - susspake—I was
2. All of my sins have been cast in the sea Since Je - sus the Sav - iour in
3. Gift of the Fa - ther was Je - sus His Son Who suf-tered and died as the
4. Now I have free-dom from ev-'ry known sin, Temp-ta-tions as - sail—they come



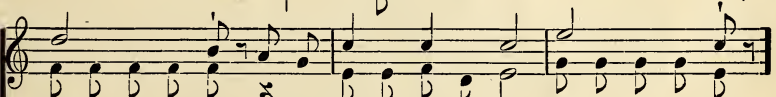
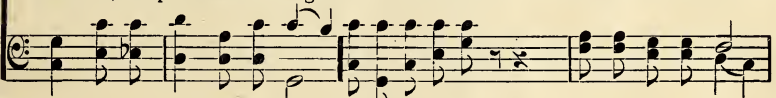
born from a-bove; And now I am sing-ing His praise ev-'ry day, And glo - ry to  
love pardoned me; The bur-den of guilt on my Sub-sti-tute rolled—Such marvelous  
Cru - ci - fied One; He bled on the cross for a sin - ner like me That I might be  
not from with-in; The throne of my heart now belongs to my King, I'm liv - ing in



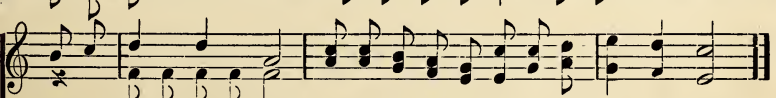
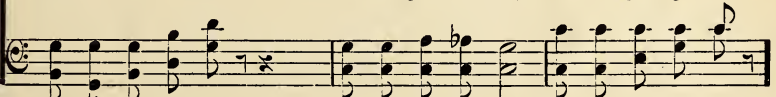
## CHORUS.



God! of a truth I can say: Glo - - ry! I'm a twice - born soul;  
love, it can nev - er be told.  
hap - py, from bondage set free. Glo-ry to the Lamb! I'm a twice-born soul;  
Beu-lah, His prais-es I sing.



Glo - - ry! Je - sus' pow'r ex - tol; Glo - - ry!  
Saved I know I am, Je - sus' pow'r ex - tol; Heav-en's grace pro-claim,



Let His prais - es roll; Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I'm a twice-born soul.  
Let His prais-es roll;

